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T H E
P L A Y S A N D P O E M S

O F
W I L L I A M S H A K S P E A R E .

CORRECTED FROM THE LATEST AND BEST
LONDON EDITIONS, WITH NOTES, BY
S A M U E L J O H N S O N , L . L . D .

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A G L O S S A R Y

AND THE

L I F E O F T H E A U T H O R .

EMBELLISHED WITH A STRIKING LIKENESS FROM THE
COLLECTION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

First American Edition.

VOL. VI.

P H I L A D E L P H I A :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY B I O R E N & M A D A N .

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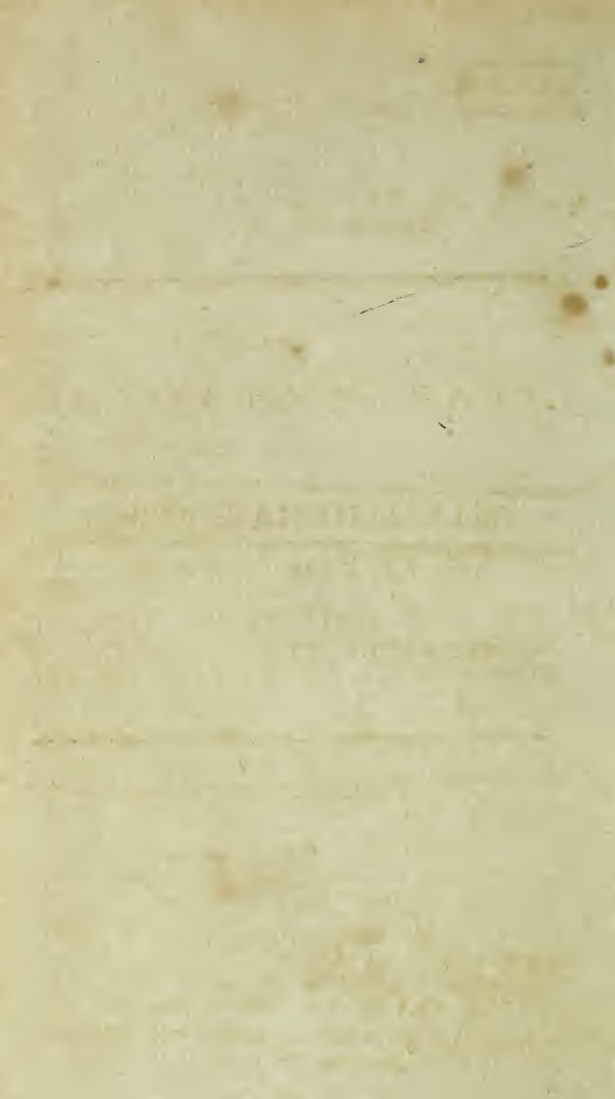


THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME SIXTH.

Containing

KING HENRY VIII.
CORIOLANUS,

|| JULIUS CÆSAR,
|| ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



KING HENRY VIII.

A 2.

Nor. I thank your grace :
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde :
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weighed.

Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : Men might say,
'Till this time, pomp was single : but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonder's it's : To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India ; every man, that stood,
Shewed like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt : the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
That pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting : now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise : and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one : and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns,
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass : that former fabulous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, *certainly*, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propt by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalk'd successors their way) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him; Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;

Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him
Without the privy o' the king to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboarded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety (that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha,
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-
ingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Cardinal, and his train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Outworth's a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant

He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-titare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full hot-horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
'There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor 'till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd;
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief

As able to perform't: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our court cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
'That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;

I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter Brandon; a Serjeant at Arms before him, and
two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
'The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
'To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
'The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The
king [To Aberg.
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
'The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obeyed!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham:
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Council Chamber.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's
shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovel. The
Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on
his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full charg'd confederacy; and give thanks
To you that choak'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying Room for the Queen. Enter
the Queen ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and
Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state,
takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take your place by us:—Half
your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Queen. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects

Are in great grievance: There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,

[*To Wolsey.*

My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner,
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not whole-
some

To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
'The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
'They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer

Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
'Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censures; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,

In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

King. Things done well;
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects with our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to every man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. *To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd com-
mons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. *[Exit Secretary.]*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learned, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man, so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,

Almost with ravish'd list'ning could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us: you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate
what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: these very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fall? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France
 The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
 Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
 What was the speech among the Londoners
 Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,
 Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
 To the king's danger. Presently the duke
 Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed: and that he doubted,
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words
 Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft, says he,*
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king nor his heirs
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
For the love of the commonality; the duke
Shall govern England.—

Queen. If I know you well,
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
 On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
 And spoil your nobler soul; I say, take heed;
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on:—
 Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
 I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
 'The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dan-
 g'rous for him
 To ruminate on this so far, until
 It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
 It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
 'That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
 The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's head's

Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what so rank? Ah, ha!

'There's mischief in this man:——Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,——

King. I remember
Of such a time;—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

Surv. *If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.*

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with—the knife.—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—were he evil-us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good, our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face; but they are shrew'd ones;
For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;
one would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin
And springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their cloths are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How
now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.

Lov. Faith, my lord,

I hear of none but the new proclamation
That's clap't upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad 'tis there; now I would pray our
monseurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either

(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,

With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the fly whoresons
Have got a speedy trick to lay down ladies?
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're
going;
(For sure, there's no converting of 'em) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r-lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's?
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal : in
him,
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to York-Palace.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and Gentlewomen, as guests, at one door ; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guildford.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all : This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy ;
Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovel.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,

I think, would better please 'em: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking:
Pray sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet la-
dies: [Sits.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[Kisses her.

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies,
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble
lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome
And to you all good health. [Drinks.

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you:—cheer your neighbours:—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. 'Tis red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester.
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play,
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, chambers discharg'd.*]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit Servants.*]

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine as full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*All arise, and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet: but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome to you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and others as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company ! What are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace ; for which I
pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Chuse ladies for the dance. King, and Anne Bullen.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O, beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me :

There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*

Wol. What say they ?

Cham. Such a one they all confess,

'There is indeed ; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see them.—

By all your good leaves, gentlemen ;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You have found him, cardinal :

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :

You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out, [*To Anne Bullen.*
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen at several doors.

1 Gen. **W**HITHER away so fast?

2 Gen. O,—God save you!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become

Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gen. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gen. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gen. I am sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vi-vâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 Gen. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high-treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to the bar,—
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :
 Bet he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
 In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think, he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure, he does not,
 He never was so womanish ; the cause
 He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,
 The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,
 By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainder,
 Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
 Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
 Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
 No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
 And generally ; whoever the king favours,
 The cardinal instantly will find employment,
 And far enough from court too.

2 Gen. All the commons
 Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience,
 Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
 They love and doat on ; call him, bounteous Buck-
 ingham,

The mirror of all courtesy ;—

1 Gen. Stay there, sir,
 And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, (Tifflaves
 before him, the axe with the edge toward him : hal-
 berds on each side) accompanied with Sir Thomas
 Lovel, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands and
 common people, &c.*

2 Gen. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
 You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,

And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
 And, if I have a conscience, let it sick me,
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
 The law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done upon the premises, but justice;
 But those, that fought it, I could wish more christians:
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You saw that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
 There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with: no black envy
 Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace;
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's; and, 'till my soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace;
 Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming; see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
'That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your heart to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake you; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:

And when ye would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt Buckingham, and Train.*]

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
'That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
'To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
'The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
'The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think, you have hit the mark; But is't
not cruel,

That he should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woeful.

We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

My Lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with
all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and
furnished. They were young, and handsome; and of
the best breed in the north. When they were ready to
set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by
commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with
this reason,—His master would be serv'd before a sub-
ject, if not before the king; which stopp'd our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them.
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

'This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. This king will know him one
day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will be one day
open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him:

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;

The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

A Door opens, and discovers the King sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha!

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry!

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha!

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice near meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate: in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold:

Go to; I'll make you know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!

Enter Wolfsey, and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?——O my
Wolfsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,

Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To Campeius.*]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;

Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker.

[*To Wolfsey.*]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go.

[*To Norf. and Suf.*]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his place:

} *Aside.*

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [*Exeunt Norf. and Suf.*]

Aside.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if he have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judg-
ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him
welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd
for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
loves,

You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-
quainted

Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my
favour

To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;
I find him a fit fellow.

Cardinal goes out, and re-enters with Gardiner.

Wel. Give me your hand : much joy and favour to
you ;

You are the king's now.

Guard. But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

[Aside.]

King. Come hither, Gardiner. *[Walks and whispers.]*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him ?

Wel. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wel. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wel. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him :
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still : which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wel. Heaven's peace be with him !

That's christian care enough : for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit Gardiner.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-friars ;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business :—
My Wolfey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? but, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

An Antichamber of the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm doing!—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content,
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gifts
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity
 Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
 If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.—

Old L. Yes, troth and troth,—You would not be
 a queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange ; a three-pence bow'd would
 hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it : but, I pray you,
 What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs
 To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made : pluck off a
 little ;

I would not be a young count in your way,
 For more than blushing comes to : if your back
 Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
 Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk !

I swear again, I would not be a queen
 For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
 You'd venture an emballing : I myself
 Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
 No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth,
 to know

The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
 Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
 Our mistress' sorrows we are pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
 The action of good women : there is hope,
 All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, Amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and
wishes,

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—I have perused her well.
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*
That they have caught the king, and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is: see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O, fate!)
A very fresh fish here, (sye, sye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no. There was a lady once, ('tis an old story) That would not be a queen, that would she not, For all the mud in Ægypt;—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme I could O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke! A thousand pounds a year for pure respect; No other obligation: by my life, That promises more thousands: honour's train Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time, I know, your back will bear a duchess;—say, Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady, Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy, And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being, If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me, To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful In our long absence: pray, do not deliver What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

A Hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short Silver Wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the Great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at arms, bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great Silver Pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardi-

nals sit under him, as Judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My Father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful; Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, 'till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore: If not; i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you defer the court; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
 Hath spoken well and justly: Therefore, madam,

It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord cardinal,——
To you I speak.

Wel. Your pleasure, madam ?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain,
'The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wel. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me.—
Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wel. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong :

I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you, or any ; how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal ; I do deny it :
The king is present ; If it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falshood ? Yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know

That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say to no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility: but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
 Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
 Domestic to you, serve your will, as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high profession spiritual: That again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judged by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Card. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into
 the court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep
 your way;

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience! pray you pass on:
 I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,

Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*]

King. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i' the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare quality, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government.—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfy'd) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd: but oft have hinder'd, oft,
'The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,

And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention :—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give
heed to't :—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderneſs,
Scruple, and prick, on certain ſpeeches utter'd
By the biſhop of Bayonne, then French ambaffador ;
Who had been hither ſent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary : I' the progreſs of this buſineſs,
Ere a determinate reſolution, he
(I mean the biſhop) did require a reſpite ;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertiſe
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This reſpite ſhook
The boſom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a ſplitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breſt ; which forc'd ſuch way
That many maz'd conſiderings did throng,
And preſs'd in with this caution. Firſt, methought,
I ſtood not in the ſmile of heaven ; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, ſhould
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead : for her male-iſſue
Or died where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought
This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the beſt heir o' the world, ſhould not
Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms ſtood in
By this my iſſue's fail ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild ſea of my conscience, I did ſteer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent here together ; that's to ſay,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full ſick, and yet not well,—

By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to
say,

How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands, and seals. Therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of our good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day;
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

King. I may perceive,
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.

My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
 Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
 I say, set on. *[Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.]*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Queen's Apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at Work.

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench: my soul grows
 sad with troubles;
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst; leave working.

S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing:
 To his music, plants, and flowers,
 Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
 There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art;
 Killing care, and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gen. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gen. They will'd me say so, madam.

Queen. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business,

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:
But, all hoods make not monks.

Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Queen. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wise in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Queen. O, good, my lord, no Latin;

I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in;
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal
'The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
 I am sorry, my integrity should breed
 (And service to his Majesty and you)
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses ;
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
 You have too much, good lady : but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
 And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
 My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace ;
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
 His service, and his counsel.—

Queen. To betray me. [*Aside.*
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
 (More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness) good your graces,
 Let me have time, and counsel for my cause ;
 Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
 these fears ;
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
 But little for my profit : Can you think, lords,
 That an Englishman dare give me counsel ?

Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure
 (Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
 He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
 Both for your honour better, and your cause;
 For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
 That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I
 thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
 But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
 Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
 The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish you half my miseries,
 I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
 The burdens of my sorrow fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
 You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
 And all such false professors! Would ye have me
 (If you have any justice, any pity;
 If you be any thing but churchmen's habits)

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ;
 Alas ! he has banish'd me his bed already ;
 His love, too long ago ; I am old, my lords,
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him
 Is only my obedience. What can happen
 To me, above this wretchedness ? all your studies
 Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long,—let me speak
 myself,

Since virtue finds no friends,—a wife, a true one ?
 A woman, (I dare say, without vain-glory)
 Never yet branded with suspicion ?
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still met the king ? lov'd him next heaven ? obey'd
 him ?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
 And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords,
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wel. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to : nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wel. Pray, hear me.

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
 Ye have angels faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
 What will become of me now, wretched lady ?
 I am the most unhappy woman living.—
 Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

[To her women.

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me,
 Almost, no grave allow'd me :—Like the lily,

That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort : why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm : Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
virtues
With these weak woman's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves
you;

Beware, you lose it not : For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what ye will, my lords : And, pray,
forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty :
He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Antichamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them : If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected ? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself ?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures :
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not ;
His spell in that is out : the king hath found
Matter against him, that forever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded : wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did intreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,

And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no ;

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
'The king cry'd, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder !

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be published, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen ; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

'The cardinal——

Enter Wolfey, and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gav't you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper ?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wel. Leave me a while.— [Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!—

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wel. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then out it goes.—What though I know her vir-
tuous,

And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would flet
the string,

The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a Schedule; and Lovel.

Suf. The king, the king.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him : Some strange commotion
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple ; straight,
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd ; And, wot you, what I found
There ; on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It is heaven's will ;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat ; and whispers Lovel, who goes to
Wolfey.*]

Wol. Heaven forgive me !—
Ever God bless your highness !

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit : sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time : a time
To think upon the part of businefs, which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :
He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow,
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ? [*Aside.*

Sur. The lord increase this businefs ! [*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities : Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;
My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,

Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd :

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated : the honour of it
Does pay the act of it ; as i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
more

On you, than any ; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wel. I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than my own ; that am, have, and will be,
'Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken :

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this ;

[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after this : and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey ;
the Nobles throng after him, whispering and
smiling.*]

Wel. What should this mean ?

What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so:
 This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends: indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the pope?*
 'The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of
 Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who com-
 mands you

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself
 To Esther house, my lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
 Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will or words, to do it,
 (I mean your malice) know, officious lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
 How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
 As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton

Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin?
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey darst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st feel
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
 'To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,
 You writ to the pope, against the king : your good-
 ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
 My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of your despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen.—
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life :—I'll startle you
 Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
 But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :
 But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
 And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
 When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
 I thank my memory, I yet remember
 Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
 Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
 You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
 I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
 It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp't on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far: 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *Præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be

Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on prince's favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now ; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have : I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel) \-
'To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God blefs him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice,
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on them !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel : and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories

In that one woman I have lost for ever :
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master : Seek the king ;
 That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
 What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 I know his noble nature, not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
 Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master ?—
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
 The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes ; And thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :

Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wel. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeant.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 *Gen.* **Y**OU are well met once again.

2 *Gen.* So are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds;
As, let e'm have their rights, they are ever forward,
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, fir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 Gen. Yes; 'tis the list
Of these, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next the duke of Norfolk,
To be earl marshal: you may read the rest!

2 Gen. I thank you, fir; had I not known those
customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper,
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learn'd and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men, she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

1 Gen. Alas, good lady!—
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.
[Hautboys.

THE ODDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets.
2. Then two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace
before him.
4. Choristers singing. [Music.
5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then
Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head
a gilt copper crown.

6. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
 7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
 8. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque ports; under it the Queen in her robe; her hair richly adorn'd with pearl, crown'd. On each side her, the bishops of London and Winchester.
 9. The old Duchefs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
 10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.
- They pass over the stage in order and state.

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me.—Thesel know;—
Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 Gen. Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same, high-steward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk.

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heaven blefs thee! [*Looking on the Queen.*
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 Gen. Those men are happy ; so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gen. Their caronets say so. These are stars, indeed ;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i' the abbey ; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw the ceremony ?

3 Gen. That I did.

1 Gen. How was it ?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man : which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes : Hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up ; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there ; all were woven

So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her grace rose, and with modest
paces

Came to the altar; where he kneel'd, and, faint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:

When by the archbishop of Canterbury,

She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Lay'd nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,

Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gen.* You must no more call it York place, that's
past:

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;

'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gen.* I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gen.* Stokesly, and Gardiner; the one, of Win-
chester,

(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary)

'The other, London.

2 *Gen.* He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:

However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend. The king has made him

Master o' the jewel-house,

And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Kimbolton.

*Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick, led between Griffith
her Gentleman-usher and Patience her woman.*

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Did'st thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolley,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam: but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man forely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words—"O father abbot,
"An old man, broken with the storms of state,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
"Give him a little earth for charity!"

So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity.—He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion
 Ty'd all the kingdom : simony was fair play :
 His own opinion was his law : I' the presence
 He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
 Both in his words and meaning : He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty :
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
 I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one :
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
 Lofty and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
 (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely : Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to out-live the good he did it ;

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he dy'd fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good even, let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her:—Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another,
*six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their
 heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their
 faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands.*
*They first congée unto her, then dance; and, at cer-
 tain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over
 her head; at which the other four make reverend
 curtsies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver
 the same to the other next two, who observe the same
 order in their changes, and holding the garland over
 her head: which done, they deliver the same garland
 to the last two, who likewise observe the same order:*
*at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in
 her sleep, signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands
 to heaven: and jo in their dancing they vanish, car-
 rying the garland with them. The music continues.*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw you none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [Music ceases.

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace,——

Kath. You are a sawcy fellow;
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt Griffith, and Messenger.

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,

The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late:
'Tis like a pardon after execution:

'That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do: and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness,
 The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :
 The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !
 Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding ;
 (She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;
 I hope she will deserve well) and a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
 Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
 (And now I should not lie) but will deserve,
 For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty, and decent carriage,
 A right good husband; let him be a noble:
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em:
 The last is for my men;—they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me;—
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
 And something over to remember me by:
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 'These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness;
 Say, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world: tell him, in death I blest him,
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet.—I must to bed;—
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,
 Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, interr me.
 I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading Katharine.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Some Part of the Palace.

*Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a
 Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.*

Gard. 'T's one a'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,

Not for delights; times to repair our nature
 With comforting repose, and not for us,
 To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir
 Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
 With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
 Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovel. What's the
 matter?

It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
 No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
 Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk
 (As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
 In them a wilder nature, than the business
 That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you,
 And durst commend a secret to your ear
 Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
 They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
 She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with,
 I pray for heartily; that it may find
 Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
 I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
 Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says
 She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
 Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, fir, fir,—
 Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
 Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
 And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
 'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovel, take 't of me,—
 Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
 Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, fir, you speak of two
 The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
 O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, fir,
 Stands in the gape and trade of more preferments,
 With which the time will load him: The archbishop
 Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
 One syllable against him?

Guard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
 There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
 To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
 Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have
 Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
 (For so I know he is, they know he is)
 A most arch heretic, a pestilence
 That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,
 Have broken with the king; who hath so far
 Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
 And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
 Our reasons laid before him (he hath commanded,
 To-morrow morning to the council-board
 He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
 And we must root him out. From your affairs
 I hinder you too long: good-night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your
 servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

*As Lovel is going out, enter the King, and the Duke
 of Suffolk.*

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
 My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
 Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
 what you commanded me, but by her woman
 I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
 In the greatest humbleness, and desired your highness
 Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Low. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night.— [Exit Suffolk.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Denny. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.

Low. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [Aside.

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lowel seemeth to stay.
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [Exeunt Lowel, and Denny.

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows :
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongue's,
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accuser's; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person! which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole
world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever

The justice and the truth o' the question carries
 The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
 To swear against you? such things have been done.
 You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
 I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
 And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
 The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
 They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
 You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them.—Look, the good man
 weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
 I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
 His language in his tears

[*Exit Cranmer.*]

Enter an Old Lady.

Gen. [*Within.*] Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back? the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
 I guess thy message. Is the que en deliver'd?

Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever blefs her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel,—

Enter Lovel.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks, I'll to the
queen. *[Exit King.]*

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll have
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

Before the Council Chamber.

Cranmer, Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gen-
tleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?
—Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be called for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.—

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. *[Exit Butts.]*

Cran. *[Aside.]* 'Tis Butts,

'The king's physician: as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven he found not my disgrace! for certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make
me

Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackey's. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Butts,, at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

'The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
'To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.—

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper
end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left
void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Cham-
berlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on
each side, Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chap-
lains',

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: And what follows then?
Commutations, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end

Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That in this cause of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank
you,

You are always my good friend; if you will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weaknefs.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found?

Gard. Not found, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do:
Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Glan. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on 't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody,—

Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest
[To Cranmer.]

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me,
I had thought, I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a low fy foot-boy
At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom : There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
What ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;
I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Can-
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me :
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism :
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour : How may I deserve it,

That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons: you shall have

Two noble partners with you: the old duchess of Norfolk,

And lady marquis Dorset: Will these please you?—

Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you, Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,

And brother's love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven

Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verify'd

Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long

To have this young one made a christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter, and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue. Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons) To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not: How gets the tide in?
As much as one found cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, fir.

Port. You did nothing, fir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow 'em down before me: but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Morefields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? what a cry of fornication is at door! O' my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, fir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other pennance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there like a mortar piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell of her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs!* when I might see from far some forty trunchioncers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with

me; I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: The devil was amongst 'em, I think surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. Please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves,
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound:
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the pews, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll
peck you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshall's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen, bearing two great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follow the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gar. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.— [The King kisses the child.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her,
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows
with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known: and those about her
From her shall read the perfect way of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark-
ness)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd! Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.*

'TIS ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,---THAT'S WITTY!
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we shew'd 'em: if they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours: for, 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

* Dr. Johnson is of opinion, with other critics, that both the Prologue and Epilogue to Henry VIII. were written by Ben Johnson.

CORIOLOANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, a noble Roman.

Titus Lartius,
Cominius, } Generals against the Volscians.

Menenius Agrippa, Friend to Coriolanus.

Sicinius Velutus,
Junius Brutus, } Tribunes of the People.

Tullus Aufidius, General of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young *Marcius*, Son to Coriolanus.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

Volumnia, Mother to Coriolanus.

Virgilia, Wife to Coriolanus.

Valeria, Friend to Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Licitors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

The *Scene* is partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with slaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* **B**EFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes; for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough: 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What works, my countrymen, in hand?
Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

2 Cit. We cannot, fir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er
car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-
houses cram'd with grain; make edicts for usury,
to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act
established against the rich; and provide more pierc-
ing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor.
If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all
the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

2 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, fir; yet you must not
think to sob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't
please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's mem-
bers
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus:
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts,
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:

“ True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,

“ That I receive the general food at first,

“ Which you do live upon; and sit it is;

“ Because I am the store-house, and the shop

‘ Of the whole body : But, if you do remember,
 ‘ I send it through the rivers of your blood,
 ‘ Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o’ the brain :
 ‘ And, through the cranks and offices of man,
 ‘ The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
 ‘ From me receive that natural competency
 ‘ Whereby they live : And though that all at once
 ‘ You, my good friends,” (this says the belly) mark
 me,—

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. “ Though all at once cannot.

‘ See what I do deliver out to each ;
 ‘ Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 ‘ From me do back receive the flour of all,
 ‘ And leave me but the bran.” What say you to’t ?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer : How apply you this ?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
 And you the mutinous members : For examine
 Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things rightly,
 Touching the weal o’ the common ; you shall find,
 No public benefit, which you receive,
 But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
 And no way from yourselves :—What do you think ?
 You, the great toe of this assembly ?——

2 *Cit.* I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

Men. For that, being one o’ the lowest, basest, poorest,
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou go’st foremost :
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
 Lead’st first, to win some vantage —

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs ;
 Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
 The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius !

Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks.—What’s the matter, you dissenti-
 ous rogues,
 That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
 Make yourselves scabs ?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
 flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would have, you curs,
 That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
 Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate: and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye? Trust
 ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
 That in these several places of the city
 You cry against the noble senate, who,
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof they say,
 The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
 They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
 give out

Conjectural marriages making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain
 enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,

Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They say, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;—
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent
not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wis-
doms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——'s death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means
to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators;
Junius Brutus, and Sicinius Velutus.*

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told
us;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
 I sin in envying his nobility:
 And were I any thing but what I am,
 I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and
 he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
 Only my wars with him: He is a lion
 That I am proud to hunt.

I Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
 Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
 Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
 What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
 I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
 Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true breed!

I Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I
 know,
 Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:—
 Follow, Cominius: we must follow you;
 Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

I Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
 The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither.
 To know their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
 Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.—

[*Exeunt.*]

Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius, and Brutus

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—

In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will cry out on Marcius, *O if he*
Had borne the business.

Sic. Besides, if things go well,

Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not: and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear

How the dispatch is made: and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Senate-House in Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:

“ They have press'd a power, but it is not known

[*Reading.*

“ Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;

“ The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,

“ Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,

“ (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)

“ And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,

“ These three lead on this preparation

“ Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:

“ Consider of it.”

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field;

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,

To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when

They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatch-
ing,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,

We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,

To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome

Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,

Take your commission; hie you to your bands;

Let us alone to guard Corioli:

If they set down before us, for the remove

Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find

They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more,

Some parcels of their power are forth already,

And only hitherward. I leave your honours.

If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,

'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike

Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 *Sen.* Farewell.

2 *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Caius Marcius' House in Rome.

Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak: I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed you shall not.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum;
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
O'er all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
'Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
'Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. *[Exit Gent.]*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
Than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis
a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him
o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a
confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded
butterfly: and when he caught it, he let it go again;

and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your flitchery; I must have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; But I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they

nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indèed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with drum and colours, Captains, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their'larum, and they ours. Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work; That we with smoking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast. *They sound a parley. Enter Senators, with others, on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

I *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Drum afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Alarum far off.*

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Among your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain as much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath,—Come on, my
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscé,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.*

Re-enter Marcius.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome, you! Herds of boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and argued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.
 So, now the gates are ope :—Now prove good seconds :
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers : Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates.*]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness ; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius ?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels.
 With them he enters : who, upon the sudden,
 Clapt-to their gates ; he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow !

Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,
 And, when it bows, stands up ! Thou art left Marcius :
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish : not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes ; but, with thy grim looks, and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

S C E N E V.

Within the Town.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't ! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

Enter Marcius, and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.

Mar. See herè these movers, that do prize their
hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down
with them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:--
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

The Roman Camp.

Enter Cominius retreating, with soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,

Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, fir,
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
 By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
 The charges of our friends:—Ye Roman gods,
 Lead their successes as we wish our own;
 That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-
 t'ring.

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
 And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
 I saw our party to the trenches driven,
 And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
 Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
 drums:

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
 And bring thy news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volsces
 Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
 Three or four miles about; else had I, fir,
 Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
 That does appear as he were fled? O Gods!
 He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
 Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a ta-
 bor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
 From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
 But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
 In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart

As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius!

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have a disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish

You were conducted to a gentle bath,
 And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
 Deny your asking; take your choice of those
 That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
 That most are willing:—If any such be here,
 (As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
 Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
 Lesser his person than an ill report;
 If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
 And that his country's dearer than himself;
 Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
 Wave thus, to express his disposition,
 And follow Marcius. *[Waving his hand.]*

*[They all shout, and wave their swords, take him
 up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
 If these shews be not outward, which of you
 But is four Volscies? None of you, but is
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all:
 The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows;
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

*Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going
 with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius
 Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers,
 and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: Keep your
 duties,
 As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch

Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter Marcius and Aufidius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli's walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.—

[*Here they fight and certain Volsces come to the
aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be
driven in breathless.*]

Officious, and not valiant!—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. [*Exeunt fighting.*]

S C E N E IX.

The Roman Camp.

*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at
one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door,
Marcius, with his arm in a scarf, &c.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy days work,
Vol. VI. L

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it,
 Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles :
 Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
 I' the end, admire ; where ladies shall be frighted,
 And, gladly quak'd, hear more : where the dull Tri-
 bunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
 Shall say, against their hearts,—“ We thank the gods,
 “ Our Rome hath such a soldier ! ”—

Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
 Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
 Here is the steed, we the caparisons !
 Had'st thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more : my mother,
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,
 When she does praise me, grieves me.
 I have done as you have done ; that's, what I can ;
 Induc'd, as you have been ; that's for my country :
 He, that has but effected his good will,
 Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
 The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know
 The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
 To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
 Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
 Would seem but modest : Therefore, I beseech you,
 (In sign of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
 To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
 And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
 (Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store) of all
 The treasure, in the field atchiev'd, and city,
 We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,

Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcus! Marcus!
cast up their caps and lances: Cominius
and Lartius stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,

Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
A coverture for the wars!—No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly; by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland; in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.——

Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash; —

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
'To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back; send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it; 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter forgot:—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

'The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to; come. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E X.

The Camp of the Volsces.

A flourish. *Cor. acts.* Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody,
with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition!—
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself; nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius; where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable cannon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither:
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome.

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius, and Brutus.

Men. **T**HE augurer tells me, we shall have
news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not *Marcus*.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians
would the noble *Marcus*.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baas like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.
You two are old men; tell me one thing that
I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Marcus* poor, that
you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how
you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' the
right hand file? Do you?

Bru. Why how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you
not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very lit-
tle thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of
patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be
angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it
as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame *Mar-*
cus for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, fir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, fir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy, magistrates, (alias, fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such wealsmen as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurgusses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the *ais* in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your biffion conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, fir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourielves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fassiet-feller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-

pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing; all the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come; you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bench in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia and Valeria.

How now, my fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler), whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state

hath another, his wife hath another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—
A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician; the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empyric quack, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—
Bring's a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And it was time for him too, I'll warrant him that; an' he had staid by him, I would not have been so Fidiu'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war; he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true?

Vol. True? pow, wow,

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—
Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and one too i' the thigh:—
There's nine that I know.

Vol. He had before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: Hark, the trumpets.

[*A shout, and flourish.*]

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crown'd with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli's gates; where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,——

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife——

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? O my sweet lady, pardon.
[*To Valeria.*

Val. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy. Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should doat on; yet by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet, welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle: and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:

[*To his Wife and Mother.*

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in state, as before.*

Brutus and Sicinus come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your prattling nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
 While she chats him; the kitchen malkin pins
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reeky neck.
 Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, win-
 dows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses; such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
 Were silyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sir. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
 From where he should begin, and end; but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
 The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
 Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
 With the least cause, these his new honours; which
 That he will give them, make I as little question
 As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility:
 Nor shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
 Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,

And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will's,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and fore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Capitol.**Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefore; so that, if they love, they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the people; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lye, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people, Licitors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus, as Tribunes, take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We meet here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

i Sen. Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length; and make us think, Rather our state's defective for requital, Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people, We do request your kindest ear; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts Inclunable to honour and advance The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather We shall be blest to do, if he remember A kinder value of the people, than He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off; I would you rather had been silent: Please you To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly; But yet my caution was more pertinent, Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people; But tye him not to be their bed-fellow.—

Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
 What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
 I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
 Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
 My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
 When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
 You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
 I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
 When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
 To hear my nothings monster'd. *[Exit Coriolanus.]*

Men. Masters o' the people,
 Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
 (That's thousand to one good one) when you now see,
 He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
 Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius,

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
 Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
 That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
 Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
 The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age

Man enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
 Before, and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: He stopt the fliers;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet: Now, all's his:
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quick'n'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil; and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' the world: he covets less
 Than misery itself would give; rewards
 His deeds with doing them; and is content
 To spend his time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
 Let him be called for.

1 Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd

'To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom: for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them
For my wound's sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
'That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;
Shew them the unaching scars, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Manent Sicinius, and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require
them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market place,
I know, they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*The Forum.**Enter seven or eight Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—
You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices ? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus, and Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility ; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his request by particulars ; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues : therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. O sir, you are not right ; Have you not known The worthiest men have done 't ?

Cor. What must I say ?

I pray, sir,——Plague upon 't ! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace : Look, sir ;—my wounds ;—I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods !

You must not speak of that ; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me ? Hang 'em !

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all ;

I'll leave you : Pray you speak to 'em, I pray you, In wholesome manner.

[*Exit.*]

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So here comes a brace. You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir ; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert ?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, fir; 'Twas never my desire yet
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing,
we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
Which shall be your's in private.—Your good voice,
fir;

What say you?

Both Cit. You shall have it worthy fir.

Cor. A match, fir:—There's in all two worthy
voices begg'd:—

I have your alms; adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may consul, I have here the
customary gown.

1 Cit. You have deserv'd nobly of your country,
and you have not deserv'd nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies,
you have been a rod to her friends; you have not,
indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous,
that I have not been common in my love. I will,
fir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a
dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account
gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice
is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise
the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly;
that it is, fir, I will counterfeit the be-

witchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend ; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily !

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices !——

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that does appear,
Their needless vouchers ? Custom calls me to 't :—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't.
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through ;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices ; for your voices I have fought ;
Watched for your voices ; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of ; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more : your
voices :

Indeed, I would be consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul : The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people !

All. Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul!
[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the
tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this
man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock
us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us

His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could shew in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he, *aged custom*,

But by your voices, will not so permit me:

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,

Here was,—*I thank you for your voices, thank you,—*

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,

*I have nothing further with you:—*Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't?

Or seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,

As you were lessoned,—When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving

A place of potency, and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves: You should have said,

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and

Translate his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,

And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd

Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article,

Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
This his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet,

2 Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
 By your own true affections: and that, your minds
 Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
 Than what you should, made you against the grain
 To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to
 you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
 The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
 That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
 That our best water brought by conduits hither;
 And Censorinus, darling of the people,
 And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
 Was his great ancestor,

Sic. One thus descended,
 That hath beside well in his person wrought
 To be set high in place, we did commend
 To your remembrances: but you have found,
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
 Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't,
 (Harp on that still) but by our putting on:
 And presently, when you have drawn your number,
 Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
 Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on;
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,
 Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and answer
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come;
 We will be there before the stream o' the people;
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. **T**ULLUS Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had my lord; and that it was, which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volscés stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon us again.

Corn. They are worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse Against the Volscés, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: He is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword: That, of all things upon the earth, he hated Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To Lartius.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that!

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on; no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the marketplace.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues!—What are
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This pal-
t'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall*!

O gods!—But most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then veil your ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended; the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base; and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
power)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the
corn

Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to the
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: This kind of ser-
vice

Did not deserve corn gratis: Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?

How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did request
it;—

"We are the greater poll, and in true fear
"They gave us our demands:"—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal !—This double worship,—
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness ; purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech
 you,——

You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
 That love the fundamental part of state,
 More than you doubt the change of 't ; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous physic,
 That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison : Your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it ;
 Not having power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth controul it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despight o'erwhelm thee !
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench : In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
 And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul ? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho ? Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people : [*Exit Brutus.*] in whose
 name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,

A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged fir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

*Re-enter Brutus, with a rabble of Citizens, with the
Ædiles.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people:—Peace.

All. Let's hear our tribunes:—Peace. Speak,
speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it: We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

All. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
'That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

[*Coriolanus draws his sword.*]

Cor. No: I'll die here.

'There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, with-
draw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

All. Down with him, down with him! [*Exeunt.*]

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
People are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; begone, away,

All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee noble friend, home to thy house:

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,

You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd); not Romans, (as they are
not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol).—Begone.

Men. Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;

One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now it is odds beyond arithmetic;

And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands

Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,

Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear

What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little; this must be patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world;

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
 And, being angry, doth forget that ever
 He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
 Here's goodly work!

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the
 vengeance,

Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus, and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
 That will depopulate the city, and
 Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
 With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
 And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
 Than the severity of public power,
 Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
 The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
 And we their hands.

All. He shall sure out.

Men. Sir, sir,——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc, where you should but hunt
 With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
 Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
 So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and your's, good
 people,
 I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
 The which shall turn you to no further harm,

Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away,

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country;
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?

Bru. We'll hear no more:—

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tyger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftnefs, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come—

Men. Consider this;—He hath been bred i' the war,
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

I Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: The other course
Will prove too bloody: and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend
you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

I Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Coriolanus' House.

Enter Coriolanus with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy or sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. [*To Vol.*] I talk of you;
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, fir, fir, fir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
thing too rough;
You must return and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the times craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put my armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them:—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute?

Though therein you can never be too noble.

But when extremities speak, I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,

I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell
me,

In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there?

Cor. 'Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,
That it should hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because,

That now it lies on you to speak to the people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter
Which your heart prompts you to; but with such
words

That are but rooted in your tongue, but bastards,
and syllables

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,

Than to take in a town with gentle words,

Which else would put you to your fortune, and

The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where

My fortunes, and my friends at stake, required,

I should do so in honour: I am in this,

Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;

And you will rather shew our general lowts

How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em

For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard

Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones, for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,
With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although, I know, thou had'st
rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir,
tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce?

Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-
place;—

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:—

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my checks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But own thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;

Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit Volumnia.]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
 yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
 Let them accuse me by invention, I
 Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.—

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

The Forum.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects

Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
 Enforce him with his envy to the people:
 And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
 Was ne'er distributed.—What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
 That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
 Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
 Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither :
 And when they hear me say, *It shall be so,*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
 For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
 If I say, fine, cry *fine* ; if death, cry *death* ;
 Insisting on the old prerogative
 And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
 Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
 Enforce the present execution
 Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
 When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
 Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
 Of contradiction : Being once chafed, he cannot
 Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks
 What's in his heart ; and that is there, which looks
 With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Ceminus, with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
 Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd
 gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
 Supply'd with worthy men ! plant love among us !
 Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
 And not our streets with war !

1 Sen. Amen, amen !

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes ; audience : Peace, I
 say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
'The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds;
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What's the matter,
That being past for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then; 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to
take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How, Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
 Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
 Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
 As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To the rock with him! to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not lay new matter to his charge :
 What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
 Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
 Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
 Those whose great power must try him ; even this,
 So criminal, and in such capital kind,
 Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
 Serv'd well for Rome,——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
 Vagabond exile, fleeing : Pent to linger
 But with a grain a day, I would not buy
 Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;
 Nor check my courage for what they can give,
 To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
 Envy'd against the people, seeking means
 'To pluck away their power ; as now at last
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 'That do distribute it : In the name o' the people,
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
 Even from this instant, banish him our city ;
 In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends!—

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Cor. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can shew from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek of the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders: till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels;
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others. The
people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!
hoo!

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
come:—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T. IV. S C E N E. I.

Before the Gates of Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. COME, leave your tears; a brief farewell:
—the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear:
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded;
craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vcl. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of Hercules,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
 Droop not;—adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
 I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
 Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
 I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace; and
 Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
 Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee awhile: Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance
 That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth,
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I^e the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
 Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruise'd: Bring me but out at gate.—
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.

While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—Come [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A Street.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus, with an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*

Enter Volunna, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'
the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping you should hear;—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*To Brutus.*

Vir. [*To Sicin.*] You shall stay too: I would I
had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool: Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.--I'll tell thee what;--Yet go;--
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:--I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to' t.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with
me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman, and a Volscie.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me:
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir; truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you
are, against 'em: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you;
but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the
Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well
sav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrec-
tion; the people against the senators, patricians, and
nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks
not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and
hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again. For the nobles
receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy
Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take
all power from the people, and to pluck from them
their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can

tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you; You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you more strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one; the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Antium.

Before Aufidius's House.

Enter Coriolanus, in mean apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cer. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop; then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lyes: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you.

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who, twins, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour;
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter; if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country servi e. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*]

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus! [*Exit.*]

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Serving-man.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence

are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the door. [Exit.]

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid; come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,

And batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away.]

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall.

[Exit.]

3 Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an afs it is?—Then thou dwell'ft with daws too?

Cor. No, I ferve not thy mafter.

3 *Serv.* How, fir! Do you meddle with my mafter?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honefter fervice, than to meddle with thy miftrefs:

Thou prat'ft, and prat'ft; ferve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*]

Enter Aufidius, with the fecond Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, fir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for difturbng the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'eft thou? what wouldeft thou? Thy name?

Why fpeak'ft not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,

Not yet thou know'ft me, and feeing me, doft not Think me for the man I am, neceffity Commands me name myfelf.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmufical to the Volſces' ears, And harfh in found to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou haft a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in't: though thy tackle's torn, Thou fhew'ft a noble veffel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'ft thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volſces, Great hurt and miſchief; thereto witnefs may My furname, Coriolanus: The painful fervice, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thanklefs country, are requited But with that furname; a good memory, And witnefs of the malice and difpleafure, Which thou ſhouldeft bear me, only that name remains: The cruelty and envy of the people,

Permitted by our daftard nobles, who
Have all forfook me, hath devour'd the reft ;
And fuffer'd me by the voice of flaves to be
Whoop'd out Rome Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth : not out of hope,
Miftake me not, to fave my life ; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee : but in mere fpite,
To be full quit of thofe my banifhers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou haft
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ftop thofe maims
Of fhamefeen through thy country, fpeed thee ftraight,
And make my misery ferve thy turn ; fo ufe it,
That my revengeful fervices may prove
As benefits to thee ; for I will fight
Againft my canker'd country with the fpleen
Of all the under fiends. But if fo be
'Thou dar'ft not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I alfo am
Longer to live moft weary, and prefent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice ;
Which not to cut, would fhew thee but a fool ;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaft,
And cannot live but to thy fhame, unlefs
It be to do thee fervice.

Ans. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou haft fpoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud fpeak divine things, and fay,
'*Tis true* ; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where againft
My grained afh an hundred times hath broke,
And fear'd the moon with fplinters ! Her I clip
The anvil of my fword ; and do conteft
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ftrength I did

Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I marry'd; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose my arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worhty, Marcius,
 Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Ans. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission, and set down,—
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own
 ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
 Say *yea* to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: Most
 welcome!

[*Exeunt.*]

I Serv. Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: He had, fir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were,—'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, its no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table: He will go, he says, and fowle the porter of the Roman gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

Serv. And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were) durst not (look you, sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon; 'tis, as it were a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking,

audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so; and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscies.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A public Place in Rome.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame in the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he's grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Corclianus is not much mis'd, But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand; And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preserve you both.

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours; We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time, Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports,—the Volscies with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories; And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius, Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;

Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for
Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.— It cannot be,
The Volscies dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house; some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave:—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising
Nothing but his report!

Mes. Yes, worthy sir,

The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker fort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone,

Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your
news?

If Marcius should be joined with the Volsces,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work!

Eru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale

Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt ; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him ?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it ?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame ; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true :
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair
hands,

You, and your crafts ! you have crafted fair !

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How ! Was it we ? We lov'd him ; but, like
beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer :—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters —
And is Aufidius with him ?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at

Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
 Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
 As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
 And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
 If he could burn us all into one coal,
 We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
 When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
 very many of us: That we did, we did for the best;
 and though we willingly consented to his banish-
 ment, yet it was against your will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made, you
 Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the
 Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exe. Com. and Men.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
 These are a slide, that would be glad to have
 This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
 And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come masters,
 let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong,
 when we banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my
 wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

S C E N E VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieut. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
 Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;
 And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
 Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now ;
 Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
 Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
 Even to my person, than I thought he would,
 When first I did embrace him : yet his nature
 In that's no changeling ; and I must excuse
 What cannot be amended.

Lieut. Yet I wish, sir,
 (I mean, for your particular) you had not
 Join'd in commission with him : but either borne
 The action of yourself, or else to him
 Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well ; and be thou sure,
 When he shall come to his account, he knows not
 What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
 And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
 And shews good husbandry for the Volcian state ;
 Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
 As draw his sword : yet he hath left undone
 That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
 Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieut. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
 Rome ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
 And the nobility of Rome are his ;
 The senators, and patricians, love him too :
 The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome
 As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was
 A noble servant to them ; but he could not
 Carry his honours even : whether 'twas pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we had bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to ; forbid all names ;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so ; you have made good work ;
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap ; a noble memory !

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When least it was expected : He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state,
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well :
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends ; his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff ; he said, 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distreis. But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard ; what then ?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure,
As you intended well

Men. I'll undertake it;
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like-fasts; therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me, what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain;
Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The Volscian Camp.

Enter Menenius to the Watch, or Guard.

Watch. Stay; Whence are you?

2 *Watch*. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well : But, by
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *Watch*. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *Watch*. You may not pass, you must return ; our
general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 *Watch*. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with
fire ; before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears ; it is, Menenius.

1 *Watch*. Be it so ; go back ; the virtue of your
name

Is not here passible.

Men. I tell thee fellow,

Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, happily amplified ;
For I have ever verify'd my friends,
(Of whom he's chief), with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer ; nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise
Have, almost stamp'd the leasing : Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *Watch*. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies
in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own,
you should not pass here ; no, though it were as vir-
tuous to lie, as to live chafte. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary on the party of your
general.

2 *Watch*. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as
you say, you have) ; I am one that, telling true under

him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 Watch. You are a Roman, are you:

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 Watch. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution; you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 Watch. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy general.

1 Watch. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back, that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus, with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter;

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.--The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art

preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child I know not. My affairs are servanted to others: Though I owe my revenge properly, my remission lyes in Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather than pity, note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than your gates against my force. Yet for I love thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives him a letter.*

And would have sent it. Another word Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, fir, is your name Menenius.

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:—You know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are flent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *Watch.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general; for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

[*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our general :
He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Tent.

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected ; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome ; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack't heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father ;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him : for whose old love, I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him), once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more ; a very little
I have yielded to : Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! What shout is this ?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made ? I will not.—

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius,
with Attendants, all in mourning.*

My wife comes foremost ; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection !
All bond and privilege of nature, break !

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
 What is that curt'fy worth? or those dove's eyes,
 Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
 As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
 In supplication nod: and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great nature cries, *Deny not*,—Let the Volsces,
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
 Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
 For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted:—Sink, my knee, i' the earth;

[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression shew
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee; and improperly
 Shew duty, as mistaken all the while
 Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillop the stars; then let the mutinous winds

Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior!

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

[*Pointing to Valeria.*]

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
'That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,

[*Shewing young Marcius.*]

Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers.

With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more!

You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark : for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And, to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the god's, which is a comfort.
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,

Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led

With manacles through our streets ; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till

These wars determine : If I cannot persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world..

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me ;
I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have fat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscies whom you serve, you might condemnus,
As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit
Is that you reconcile them : while the Volscies
May say, " This mercy we have shew'd ;" the Ro-
mans,

" This we receiv'd ;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, " Be blest
" For making up this peace !" 'Thou know'st, great
son,

'The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
'That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—" The man was noble,
" But with his last attempt he wip'd it out :
" Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
" To the ensuing age, abhorr'd." Speak to me, son :
'Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods ;
'To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you ?
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy ;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother ; yet here he let's me prate,
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
When she, (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,

Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end:
 This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength,
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
 This fellow had a Volsce to his mother,
 His wife is in Corioli, and this child
 Like him by chance:—Yet give us our dispatch:
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother!

[Holds her by the hands silent.]

What have you done? Behold the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome:
 But for your son,—believe it, O believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.——
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were;
 And, Sir, it is no little thing, to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,

Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;

But we will drink together; and you shall bear

[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*

A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms,

Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forum, in Rome.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yon coign o' the capitol; yon corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope that the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings: he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a

corset with his eye : talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him : There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger ; and that shall our poor city find ; and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us !

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them ; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house : The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down ; all swearing, if 'The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, 'They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news ?

Mes. Good news, good news ?—The ladies have prevail'd, The Volsces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone : A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain, this is true ? is it most certain ?

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire : Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it ? Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you ;

[*Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you ! [*A shout within.*

Men. This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. 'This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day ;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[*Sound still, with the shouts.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings : next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great
thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*
*Enter two Senators, with the ladies, passing over the
stage, &c. &c.*

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before
them :

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother :
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !——

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets* [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

A public Place in Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words : Dispatch—Most wel
come !

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,

When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,——

Auf. That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for 't, he came into my heart;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose,
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the same,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
'To do myself this wrong: 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:

The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark!

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of
the people.]*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere, he expresses himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, with drums and colours ; the Commons being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoil, we have brought
home,

Doth more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not noble lords ;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor !—How now ?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius !

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius ; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli ?——

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother :
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting
Counsel o' the war ; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory ;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other,

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars ?—

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.—

Cor. Ha !

Vol. VI.

S

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be
quiet ;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this
rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame,
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius. A dead
march sounded.*]

NOTE.

The tragedy of Coriolanus is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius;

the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity, and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sici-nius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

Johnson.

THE END.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Sz

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Julius Cæsar.

Octavius Cæsar,

M. Antonius,

M. Æmil. Lepidus,

} Triumvirs, after the Death
of Julius Cæsar.

Cicero,

Publius,

Popilius Lena,

} Senators.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber

Cinna.

} Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

Flavius,

Marullus,

} Tribunes.

Artemidorus, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

Cinna, a Poet: Another Poet.

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young *Cato,* and *Volumnius,* Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius;
Servants to Brutus,

Pindarus, Servant to Cassius.

Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar.

Portia, Wife to Brutus.

Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene, for the three first A&Ss, at Rome: afterwards
at an Island near Mutina; at Sardis; and near Philippi

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

R O M E.

A Street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get
you home:

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, ye ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, fir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, fir; what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, fir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with
a safe conscience; which is, indeed, fir, a mender
of bad soles

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty
knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay; I beseech you, fir, be not out with me:
Yet, if you be out, fir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou
saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, fir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, fir, all that I live by is, with the
awl: I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor

woman's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, fir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, fir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, fir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things?

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber's banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, whē'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish'd tongue ty'd in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images,
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same.

Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer, &c.

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Calp. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
Touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chafe,
Shake of their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd,

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Soth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still :—Peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me ?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer bids, you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng :—Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him :—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeant Cæsar and train.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not game some ; I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder Cassius, your desires ;

I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus I do observe you now of late : I have not from your eyes that gentleness, And shew of love, as I was wont to have : You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviours :
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd ;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell, me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself, But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus, That you have no such mirrors, as will turn Your hidden worthiness into your eye, That you might see your shadow. I have heard, Where many of the best respect in Rome, (Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus, And groaning underneath this age's yoke, Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius, That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear : And, since you know you cannot see yourself So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself That of yourself which yet you know not of. And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus : Were I a common laughèr, or did use To stale with ordinary oaths my love To every new protester ; if you know That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard, And after scandal them ; or if you know That I profess myself in banqueting To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ? Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
 What is it that you would impart to me ?
 If be ought toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently :
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
 Is now become a god : and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake,

His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cæs. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be founded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might intreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
'Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter Cæsar and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve:
And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
 Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.]

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
 That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and
 being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his
 hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry
 for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
 every time gentler than the other; and at every put-
 ting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, or I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it a third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choak'd Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts:

But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell both.

[Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world:

[Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
 For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd ?
 Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
 He should not humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
 And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

A street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Casca, his sword drawn ; and Cicero meeting him.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?
 Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of
 earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
 But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by
 sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
 Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)

Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth: for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.
Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Casca*; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, *Casca*, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean: Is it not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*:

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:

So every bond-man in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
 Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep;
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know
 My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca: and to such a man,
 That is no flaring tell-tale. Hold my hand;
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now, know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;

And the complexion of the element,
It favours like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you : Who's that ? Metellus
Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this ?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for ? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——

Cas. Be you content : Good Cinna, take this pa-
per,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this
In at his window ; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him
Is ours already ; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Brutus, in his Orchard.

Bru. **W**HAT, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back ;
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may ;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities :
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous ;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, fir-
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, fir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, fir.

[Exit.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

“ Brutus, thou sleep’st; awake, and see thyself.

“ Shall Rome——Speak, strike, redress!

" Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,"—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

“ Shall Rome”—Thus must I piece it out ;
Shall Rome stand under one man’s awe ? What ! Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

“Speak, strike, redress!”—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee pro-
mise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate ; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone ?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them ?

Luc. No, sir ; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy !
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free ? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, conspiracy ;
Hide it in smile and affability :
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest :
Good morrow, Brutus ; Do we trouble you ?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lyes the east: Doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath; If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,

What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress? what other bond
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
 I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
 But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
 Should out-live Cæsar: We shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far,

As to annoy us all: which, to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it; And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him like a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
'To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Glock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:

For he is superstitious grown of late ;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasions of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd
I can o'erſway him : for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does ; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Caf. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermoſt ?

Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæſar hard ;
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reaſons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll ſhew him.

Caf. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave
you, Brutus :—

And, friends, diſperſe yourſelves : but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true Ro-
mans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look freſh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy :
And ſo, good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy ! Lucius !—Faſt aſleep ? it is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber :

Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise
you now ?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks ;
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
To walk unbrac'd, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning ? What is Brutus sick ;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night ?

And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy: and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you: for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Per. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
 But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
 suburbs

Of your good pleasures? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
 secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
 A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
 A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh; Can I bear that with patience,

And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock.*

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the charactery of my sad brows:—

Leave me with haste.

[*Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius, and Ligarius.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave

Caius,

To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, has conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going

To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;

And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,

That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night :

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar. Who's within ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord ?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk
forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : the things, that threaten'd
me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets :
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead :
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?

Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good-morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,

And tell them, that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day : Tell them so Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lye ?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ?——
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home ;
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romas bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognifance.
This by Claphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;
And know it now ; the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change, Besides, it were a mock,
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
“ Break up the senate 'till another time,
“ When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.”

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 “Lo, Cæsar is afraid?”

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stir’d so early too?—

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne’er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is’t o’clock?

Bru. Cæsar, ’tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o’ nights,

Is notwithstanding up:—Good-morrow, Antony,

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour’s talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar.

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*A Street near the Capitol.**Enter Artemidorus, reading a Paper.*

“ Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cas-
 “ sius; come not near Casca; have an eye to
 “ Cinna: trust not Trebonius; mark well Me-
 “ tellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not;
 “ thou hast wrong’d Caius Ligarius. There is
 “ but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
 “ against Cæsar. If thou be’st not immortal, look
 “ about you: Security gives way to conspiracy.
 “ The mighty gods defend thee!

“ Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.”

Here will I stand, ’till Cæsar pass along,
 And as a suitor will I give him this.
 My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may’st live;
 If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

*Another part of the same Street.**Enter Portia, and Lucius.*

Por. I Pr’ythee boy, run to the senate-house;
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
 Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again.
 Ere I can tell thee what thou should’st do there.
 O constancy, be strong upon my side!
 Set a huge mountain ’tween my heart and tongue!
 I have a man’s mind, but a woman’s might.
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
 Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please Cæsar,
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance:

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. *[Exit.]*

Por. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say, I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street, and then

The Capitol : the Senate sitting.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. THE ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer : Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street ?
Come to the Capitol.

[*Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.*]

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive ?

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius ?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might
thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : Mark him.

Cæs. Calpurnia, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus.

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Treb.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addrest: press near, and second him.

Cin. Calpurnia, you are the first that rear your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling.
An humble heart:—

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked cur'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus !

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament,
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place ;
So, in the world ; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive :
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion : and, that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this ;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,——

Cæs. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar,——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*They stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*——Then fall, Cæsar !

[*Dies.*

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
“ Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement ! ”

Bru. People, and senators ! be not affrighted :
Fly not ; stand still :—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius ?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing:—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place:
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead: and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate thus he bade me say,
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour: nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands, and this our present act,
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
 And this the bleeding business they have done:
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
 Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
 Of brother's temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cæs. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
 In the disposing of new dignities,

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand:
 First, Marcus Brutus; will I shake with you;—
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand:—
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours Metellus;
 Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Cæsa, yours;—
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebo-
 nius,

Gentlemen, all, alas! what shall I say?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
 Here did'st thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And, this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was indeed,
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
 And am moreover suitor, that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place;
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—

You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral;

Know you how much the people may be mov'd

By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—

I will myself into the pulpit first,

And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave and by permission;

And that we are contented, Cæsar shall

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall: I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;

And say, you do't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral: And you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*

Manet Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,

That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;

Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry, *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming :
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
 O Cæsar!—

[Seeing the body.]

Ant. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
 Seeing these beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
 Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;
 Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corpse
 Into the market-place : there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 'The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt, with Cæsar's Body.]*

S C E N E II.

The Forum.

Enter Brutus, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians :*
Brutus goes into the rostrum.

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ? hear me for
my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : be-
lieve me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine
honour, that you may believe : censure me in your
wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the
better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any
dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus'
love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that
friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this
is my answer.—Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but
that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar
were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar
were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar lov'd me,
I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at
it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was
ambitious, I slew him : There are tears, for his
love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour, for his valour ;
and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base,
that would be a bond-man ? If any, speak ; for him
have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would
not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I
offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love
his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offend-
ed. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, &c. with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Pleb.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till Antony have spoke. [Exit.]

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disapprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than
Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will enflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Pleb.* Read the will: we will hear it Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it!

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers: The will!
read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?—
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcame the Nervii:—
 Look! in this place, ran Cæsius' dagger through:
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all:
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woeful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight?

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge: About,—
 Seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor
 live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Pleb.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
 die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths!

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar; that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true; the will;—let's stay, and hear
the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar!—We'll revenge his
death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitor's houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief thou art afoot.
Take thou what course thou wilt:——How now,
fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house,

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Street.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,

Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?

Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a batchelor? 'Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a batchelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus' and to Cassius, burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'! away; go. [Exeunt.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

On a small Island near Mutina.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. **T**HES E many then shall die; their names
are prick'd.

Octa. Your brother too must die; Consent you,
Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Octa. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live.

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will thither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Octa. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octa. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
'To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze on commons.

Octa. You may do your will;

But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, *Octavius*; and, for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Listen great things.—*Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out:

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Octa. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter *Brutus*, *Lucilius*, and *Soldiers*:
Titinius and *Pindarus* meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, *Lucilius*? is *Cassius* near?

Luc. He is at hand; and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, *Pindarus*,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand,

I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;—
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-
ter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs.
And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The inside of Brutus' Tent.

Enter Brutus, and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in
this;

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Cas. Remember March, the ides of March remem-
ber!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?—
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me ;
 I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, flight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
 Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay, more : Fret, 'till your proud
 heart break ;

Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
 Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
 Under your testy humour ? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :
 Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well : For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus :

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :

Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempt-
ed him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you shall be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me : Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is aweary of the world :

Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;

Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;

I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart :

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,

Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !——

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me. When that rash humour, which my mother gave me, Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cæsius; and, from henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*A noise within.*]

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals; There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean? Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?— Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cæsius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss?—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came: With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with wine, and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Re-enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.--

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have to put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd

By their proscription, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy encreaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea, are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on; we will along
Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewell,
good Messala:—

Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er watch'd.
 Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
 I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter Varro, and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
 It may be, I shall raise you by and by
 On business to my brother Cæsar.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
 It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
 Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
 I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
 And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy right;
 I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again:
 I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
 I will be good to thee. *[Music, and a song.]*

This is a sleepy tune:—O murr'ous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.—

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down to read.]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro? Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at the instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst
out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Claud. My lord.

Bru. Why do you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord. I saw nothing.

Claud. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The Plains of Philippi.**Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

Octa. **N**OW, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come
down,

But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.**Mes.* Prepare you, generals:

The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?*Octa.* I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]*Drum.* *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army;**Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, &c.**Bru.* They stand, and would have parley,*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.*Octa.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words

Octa. Stir not until the signal.*Bru.* Words before blows: is it so countrymen?*Octa.* Not that we love words better, as you do.*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes Oc-
tavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! Hail Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and fouldless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause: If arguing makes
us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, 'till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd? or 'till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such ho-
nour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Ota. Come, Antony: away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Excunt Octavius, Antony, and Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow, and swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Luc. My lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*]

Cas. Messala.

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldier's hands;

Who to Philippi here conformed us:

This morning are they fled away, and gone;

And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved

To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,
 Lovers, in peace lead on our days to age !
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together ;
 What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself :—I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life :—arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers,
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Through the streets of Rome ?

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work, the ides of March begun ;
 And whether we shall meet again, I know not
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—
 Forever, and for ever, farewell Cassius !
 If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
 The end of this day's business, ere it come !
 But, it sufficeth, that the day will end,
 And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away ?

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side : [*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Alarum. Enter Cassius, and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill;
My fight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit Pindarus.*]

This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end:
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pind. [*above.*] O my lord?

Cas. What news?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him; now,

Titinius!---Now some 'light:---O, he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en;---and, hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cæs. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter Pindarus.

Come hither, firrah:
In Parthia I did take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
'That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword,—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pind. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is that not he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done;
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child !
 Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not ? O error, soon conceiv'd,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus ! Where art thou, Pindarus ?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius ; whilst I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;
 For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
 As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Mes.*]
 Why dost thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?
 Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their
 shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding.---Brutus, come apace.
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.---
 By your leave, gods :---This is a Roman's part ;
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]
Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,
Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

Mes. Lo, yonder : and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. 'Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius !---

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these ?---
 Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well !
 It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.---Friends, I owe more tears
 To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.---
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.---
 Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body ;
 His funeral shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us.---Lucilius, come ;
 And come young Cato ; let us to the field.---
 Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on :
 'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your heads !

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?
 I will proclaim my name about the field :
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
 Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.
 [*Exit.*

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
 Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius ;
 And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die :
 There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;
 [*Offering money.*
 Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en :

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general :—

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :
 I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
 The gods defend him from so great a shame!
 When you do find him, or alive or dead,
 He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness: I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
 And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead;
 And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
 How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

*Another Part of the Field. Enter Brutus, Dardanius,
 Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light: but, my lord,
 He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.---

[*Whispering.*

Cli. What I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
 That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
 Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
 And, this last night, here in Philippi's fields.
 I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world Volumnius, how it goes ;
 Our enemies have beat us to the pit : *[Alarum.*
 It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
 Than tarry 'till they push us. Good Volumnius,
 Thou know'st, that we two went to school together ;
 Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
 Hold thou my sword's hilt, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you ;---and you ;---and you
 Volumnius.---

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
 Farewell to thee too, Strato.---Countrymen,
 My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this losing day,
 More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
 So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history :
 Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly. *[Exeunt Clitus, Dar. and Vol.*

Bru. Hence, I will follow.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
 Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it :
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Str. Give me your hand first : Fare you well my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.---Cæsar, now be still ;
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword, and dies.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala,
 Lucilius, and the Army.

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man.---Strato, where is thy
 master ?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him :
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

Octa. According to his virtue, let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest : and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [Exit.

NOTE.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated ; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays : his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

Johnson.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony,
Octavius Cæsar,
Æmilius Lepidus,
Sextus Pompeius.

} Triumvirs.

Domitius Enobarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

Dercetas,

Demetrius,

Philo,

} Friends of Antony.

Mecænas,

Agrippa,

Dolabella,

Proculeius,

} Friends of Cæsar.

Thyreus,

Gallus,

Menas,

Menecrates,

Varrius,

} Friends of Pompey.

Silius, an Officer in Ventidius's Army.

Taurus, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.

Alexas,

Mardian,

Seleucus.

} Servants to Cleopatra.

Diomedes,

A Soothsayer: A Clown.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.

Octavia, Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.

Charmian,

Iras,

} Attendants on Cleopatra.

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains,
Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The Scene is dispersed in several Parts of the Roman
Empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cleopatra's Palace at Alexandria.

Enter Demetrius, and Philo.

Phil. **N**AY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his good-
ly eyes,

That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust.—Look, where they come!

Flourish. *Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their
Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.'

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
 If the scarce bearded Cæsar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
 "Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
 "Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
 Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.----
 Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?---

Both?---

Call in the messengers.----As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
 Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
 When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.-----The mes-
 sengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
 Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
 Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
 Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

[*Embracing.*

And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
 We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Way did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?-----
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.---

Now, for the love of love, and his soft hours,
 Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!

No messenger, but thine ;—And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Palace.

Enter Charmian, Iris, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the
soothsayer that you prais'd so to the queen ? O ! that
I knew this husband, which, you say, must change
his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the man ?——Is't you, sir, that
know things ?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Vol. VI.

A a

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all! let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage! find me to marry with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress!

Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And foretel every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras her's.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even, as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sothb. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend!—Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir ?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia ?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation: your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broach'd in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose: I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer, 'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires

Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does :

I did not send you ;—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report,
That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return.

[*Exit Alex.*

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathings to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long, the fides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,——

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
news.

What says the marry'd woman ?—You may go ;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come !
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,——

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sh'd stay,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome.
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
strength,
Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour; creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten:
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should ease my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best;
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear: which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire,
'That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well;
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me,
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Ægypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood, no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target.—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:

Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;

That you know well:—Something it is I would,—

O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kills me, when they do not
Eye well to you; Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Cæsar's Palace in Rome.

Enter Octavius, Cæsar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man like
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find
there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to fit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell off sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness: If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't; but, to confound such time,—
'That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
 They make in Italy; The borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name striks more,
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Panfa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer; Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
 deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsedst: On the Alps,
 It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on: And all this
 (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain
 Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
 Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow Cæsar,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,
 To 'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
 It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
 mean time
 Of stirs abroad I shall beseech you, sir,

To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, sir ; I know it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why madam ?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason !

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch ! Mardian !

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure ?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has : 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Ægypt. Hast thou affections ?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed ?

Mar. Not in deed, madam ; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done :
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian !

Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or sits he ?
Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st ?

The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile ?'
For so he calls me ;—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison : Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was
 A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
 Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
 There would he anchor his aspect, and die
 With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony?
 Yet coming from him, that great medicine hath
 With his tinct gilded thee.---
 How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
 He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses,
 'This orient pearl!---His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
 Say, "The firm Roman to great Ægypt sends
 "This treasure of an oyster: at whose foot,
 "To mend the petty present, I will piece
 "Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,
 "Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
 extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
 He was not sad; for he would shine on those
 'That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrancel ay
 In Ægypt with his joy: but between both:
 O heavenly mingle! Be't thou sad, or merry,
 'The violence of either thee becomes;
 So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days!
When I was green in judgment: Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Ægypt.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. Pompey's House.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pomp. IF the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit,

By losing of our prayers.

Pomp. I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts; Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field;
A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pomp. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together.

Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorouge his honour,
Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness—How now, Varrius?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:

His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar:
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pomp. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between them-
selves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Rome.

Enter Enobarbus, and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony, and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate,
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech),
Touch you the fourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Ægypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation

Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
never

Did urge me in his act; I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
Might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir he fell on me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much

As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it:—But on, Cæsar;—
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd
them;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as bends mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you: and to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for
the instant, you may, when you hear no more words
of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to
wangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. I am but a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no
more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech : for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agri. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agri. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agri. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers
Would then be nothing ; truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and

His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand,
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us;
Of us must Pompey presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony.
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*]

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, fir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæſar, worthy Mecænas!—
my honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are
ſo well digeſted. You ſtay'd well by it in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay, fir; we did ſleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a break-
faſt, and but twelve perſons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which wor-
thily deſerved noting.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be
ſquare to her.

Eno. When ſhe firſt met Mark Antony, ſhe purſ'd
up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There ſhe appear'd indeed; or my reporter
Deviſ'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfum'd, that
The winds were love-ſick with them: the oars were
ſilver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription: ſhe did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tiſſue)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee
The fancy out-work nature: on each ſide her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling Cupids,
With diſerſe-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,

So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackles
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her: and Antony,
 Enthorn'd i' the market place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Ægyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
 It should be better, he became her guest;
 Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
 And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
 He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street:
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect, perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
 The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
 Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
 Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is

A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them ; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir,—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [Exeunt Cæsar, and Octavia.

Ant. Now, firrah ! you do wish yourself in Ægypt ?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue : But yet
Hie you again to Ægypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine ?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
The dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered ; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck

He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
 When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
 But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
 He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
 And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
 Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
 When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt:
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,
 You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
 Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same; a Street.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you hasten
 Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
 Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your soldiers' dress,
 Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
 As I conceive the journey, be at mount
 Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your stay is shorter,
 My purposes do draw me much about;
 You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food

Of us that trade in love.

Onnes. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards: come, Char-
inian.

Char. My arm is fore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—

Give me mine angle.—We'll to the river: there,

My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes: my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time —O times!—

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst

I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,

That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:

But well and free,

If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark;
we use

To say, the dead are well; bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free, and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
'Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes
Not like a formal man.

Mes. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

Mes. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, madam—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jailor to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together; He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mes. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mes. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence. [*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mes. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Mes. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault,

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Ægypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Ægypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scald'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
'That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence:
The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lye they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,——'Tis no matter:——
Go to the fellow, good Alexas: bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
'The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit Alexas.
Let him for ever go:—Let him not,—Charmian;
'Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
'The other way he is a Mars:—Bid you Alexas,

[To Mar.
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter Pompey, and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, with soldiers marching.

Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pomp. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,---I do not know
Wherefore my father should avengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And
What made, all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude, that despightful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present) how you take
'The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You have made me offer

Of Sicily, Sardinia, and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome ; This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer : but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pomp. Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'the east are soft ; and thanks to you
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pomp. Well, I know not.
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
'To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feast each other ere we part ; and let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried——

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pomp. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattrefs.

Pomp. I know thee now; How far'ſt thou, ſoldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feaſts are toward.

Pomp. Let me ſhake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much
As I have ſaid you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

All. Shew us the way, ſir,

Pomp. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Eno. and Menas.*]

Menas. [*Aſide*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this treaty.—

You and I have known, ſir.

Eno. At ſea, I think.

Menas. We have, ſir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Menas. And you by land.

Eno. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me:
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Menas. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own
ſafety: You have been a great thief by ſea.

Menas. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land ſervice. But give me
your hand, Menas; If our eyes had authority, here

they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here: Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band, That seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia, is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity; shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?

I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Near Mount Misenum.**On board Pompey's Galley.**Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

1 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison, follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Ægypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pomp. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' Pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pomp. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is snap'd, sir, like itself: and is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To Menas aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang; Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. [*Rises, and walks aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To Menas.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pomp. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And, though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke of it! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him
Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; encrease the reels.

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho! Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it,

I will make answer: but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor!

Shall we dance now the Ægyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink.

Pomp. Let's ha't. good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;

'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Music plays.* *Enobarbus* places them hand in hand.

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy wats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, 'till the world goes round;
Cup us, 'till the world goes round!*

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, go
night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;

You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pomp. O, Antony, you have my father's house,
But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

Enc. Take heed you fall not.—

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear me bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound and be hang'd, sound
out. [Sound a flourish with drums.

Enc. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come! [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE. I.

A Plain in Syria.

*Enter Ventidius, as after conquest; with Silius and
other Romans, and the dead body of Pacorus borne
before him.*

Ven. **N**OW, darting Parthia, art thou struck;
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes!
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariot, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than persons: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does it the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what
haste

The weight he must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Rome. Cæsar's House.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Ag. What, are the brothers parted?

En. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is
gone;

The other three are fealing. Octavia weeps,
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar! Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Speak you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony, O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go
no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves An-
tony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar, kneel,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.

So,—this is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

[*Trumpets.*

Agr. Good fortune, worthy foldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself:
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts.

This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Ota. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on:—Be cheerful.

Ota. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Ota. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why Enobarbus:
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe it, 'till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come:
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell! farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewell! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, fir.

Enter Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head

I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.--Come thou near.

Mes. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold

Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome

I look'd her in the face: and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd or
low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—He cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mef. She creeps ;
Her motion and her ftation are as one :
She fhews a body rather than a life ;
A ftatue, rather than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain ?

Mef. Or I have no obfervance.

Char. Three in Ægypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't :—There's nothing in her yet :—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guefs at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mef. Madam, ſhe was a widow.

Cleo. Widow ?—Charmian hark.

Mef. And I do think, ſhe's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind ? is it long or
round ?

Mef. Round even to faultinefs.

Cleo. For the moſt part too,
They are fooliſh that are ſo.—Her hair, what colour ?

Mef. Brown, madam : And her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpnefs ill :—
I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs : Go, make thee ready ;
Our letters are prepared.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is ſo : I repent me much
That I ſo harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould
know.

Char. Hath he ſeen majeſty ? Iſis elſe defend,
And ſerving you ſo long !

Cleo. I have one thing more to aſk him yet, good
Charmian :—
But 'tis no matter ; thou ſhalt bring him to me

Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Antony's House at Athens.

Enter Antony, and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock
me presently
When I shall pray, O, bless my lord and husband!
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men

Should soldier up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

The same.

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eno. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would
not let him partake in the glory of the action: and
not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly
wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes
him: So the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his
confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou hadst a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the other. Where is Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lyes before him: cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threatens the throat of that his officer,
'That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Rome. Cæsar's House.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this : and more ;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd : at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Ægypt ; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they exercise,
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander, to Ptolemy he assign'd,
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Informed.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,
'That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
 That he his high authority abus'd,
 And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
 I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
 And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
 Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
 Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
 cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
 come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
 Should have an army for an usher, and
 The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
 Long ere she did appear: the trees by the way,
 Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,
 Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
 Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
 Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
 A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn,
 Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
 By sea, and land; supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
 On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
 My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
 His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
 And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now ?

Otha. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire,
Up to a whore : who now are levying
The king's o' the earth for war : He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;
King Malchus, of Arabia ; king of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene : Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Otha. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other.

Cæs. Welcome hither :
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth ;
'Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart :
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome :
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought : and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort ;
And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam,
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off ;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Otha. Is it so, sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : Pray you,
Be ever known to patience : My dearest sister ! *[Exe.*

S C E N E VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say't, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should
not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply :——
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done: Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony, and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?——You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we

Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea ! What else ?

Can. Why will my lord do so ?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharfalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd :
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impreis ; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought ;
Their ships are yare ; yours, heavy : No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land ;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego
The way which promises assurance ; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn ;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.—Thy business ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse :—We'll to our ship ;
Away, my Thetis !—How now, worthy soldier ?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the Ægyptians.

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking ; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art : but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't : So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Junius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour ; and throwe
forth,

Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

The same. A Plain.

Enter, Caesar, Taurus, Officers, &c.

Cæs. Taurus.—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land ; keep whole : provoke
not battle,

'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed

The prescript of this scroll: Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [Exeunt.]

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way
over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar,
the other way. After their going in, is heard the
noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
no longer:

The Antoniad, the Ægyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribald nag of Ægypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
'The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoist sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loost,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before

Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good
night

Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't ; and there will I attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony, with Eros, and other Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me !—Friends, come hither ;
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly, not we.

Ant. I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards
To run and shew their shoulders,—Friends, be gone :
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone ; you shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway;
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.

Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you;—I'll see you by and by.

Enter Eros, and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:--Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,——

Iras. Madam; O good empress!——

Eros. Sir, sir,——

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now---No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unquality'd with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Ægypt? See
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind

'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful fails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties; dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd;
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost; Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Cæsar's Camp in Ægypt.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his school-master:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony;
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt: which not granted
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Ambassador.]

To try thy eloquence; now 'tis time: Dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [To Thyreus.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: Women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E XI.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[Exeunt Antony and Amb.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew
Against a sworder. I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream

Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness ! Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What ? no more ceremony ?—Sec, my women !—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.

[*Aside.*

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly ; Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will !

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends ; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd ; Cæsar intreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on : Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that,

[*Aside.*

I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit Enobarbus.]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he had mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ah, you kite!—Now
 gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, ho!
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, *your will*? Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!—

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So faucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
'Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Att. with Thyreus.*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!

Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's? besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Clo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with

My play-fellow, your hand, this kingly seal,
 And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
 Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar
 The horned heard! for I have savage cause;
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
 For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.

Attend. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

Attend. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 'Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 'Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
 forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
 He makes me angry with him: for he seems
 Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
 When my good-stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
 My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
 Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit Thyreus.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if it be so,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfy'd:

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
 lady?

If from the field I should return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jest; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:

I had thoughts, to have held it poor; but since my
 lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night
 I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on my queen ;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo.*

Enc. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is to be frightened out of fear : and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, reading a Letter ; Agrippa, Mecænas, &c.

Cæs. **H**E calls me boy ; and chides, as he had
power

To beat me out of Ægypt : My messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony : Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die ; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction : Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads

Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight :—Within our files there are

Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;
And feast the army : we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony !

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Palace at Alexandria.

*Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, foldier,

By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,

Or bathe my dying honour in the blood

Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike ; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said ; come on.—

Call forth my household servants ; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;—

And thou ;—and thou ;—and thou :—you have serv'd
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this ?

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which
sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men ;

And all of you clapt up together in

An Antony ; that I might do you service,

So good as you have done.

Omnes. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow to,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay 'till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, If I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
'Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Before the Palace.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good-night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.

2 Sold. Well, fir, good night.

[*They meet with other soldiers.*]

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 Sold. And you : Good night, good night.

They place themselves on every corner of the stage.

2 Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

1 Sold 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*]

2 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. Lift, lift!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music i' the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs well, does it not?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. The god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk ; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

2 Sold. How now, masters? [*Speak together.*]

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 Sold. Ay? Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? Do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content :—'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with Charmian, and others.

Ant. Eros! mine armour! Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,
Eros!

Enter Eros, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on :---

If fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we brave her.---Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be, thou art
The armourer of my heart :---False, false ; this, this.

Cleo. 'Gooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well ;

We shall thrive now.---Seest thou, my good fellow ?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely.

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To doff it for our repose, shall hear a storm.---
Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou : Dispatch, O love,
'That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and know'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee: welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

Off. A thousand, sir,

Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general!

All. Good morrow, general!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so ; come, give me that: this way ; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
'This is a Soldiers kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*]
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment ; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt Ant, Officers, &c.*]

Cæs. Please you retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Antony, and Eros; a Soldier
meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make a fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee; write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus!

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

*Cæsar's Camp.**Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :
Our will is, Antony be took alive ;
Make it so known.

Aggr. Cæsar, I shall.[*Exit Agrippa.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near :
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt Cæsar, &c.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony ; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill ;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus : The messenger
Came on my guard ; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,
I tell you true : Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
 And feel I am so most. O Antony,
 Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
 My better service, when my turpitude
 Thou dost so crown with gold? This blows my heart:
 If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
 Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
 I fight against thee!——No: I will go seek
 Some ditch, wherein to die: the foul'st best fits
 My latter part of life. [Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa, and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
 Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
 Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
 Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
 With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
 Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
 For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs.
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

*Under the Walls of Alexandria.**Alarm. Enter Antony again in a march. Scarus with others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,
 And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
 Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
 That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
 For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
 Each man's like mine; you have shewn all Hectors.
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the
world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
 O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
 We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though grey
 Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet
have we
 A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
 Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
 Kiss it my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.---Give me thy hand ;--
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together ;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.---Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines :
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

Cæsar's Camp.

Enter a Centinel, and his company. Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard ; The night
Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

1 Sold. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night!--

2 Sold. What man is this ?

1 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent !

Cent. Enobarbus !

3 Sold. Peace ; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me ;
'That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me : Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies.]

1 Sold. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar.

2 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather: for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleep.

1 Sold. Go we to him.

2 Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

1 Sold. Hear you, sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

[Drums afar off.]

Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers;
 Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is
 Of note, our hour is fully out.

2 Sold. Come on then:

He may recover yet.

[Exeunt with the body.]

S C E N E X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
 We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
 We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
 Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
 Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
 They have put forth the haven,
 Where their appointment we may best discover,
 And look on their endeavour.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Cæsar and his army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
 Which, as I take it, we shall; for his best force
 Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
 And hold our best advantage.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Antony, and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,——they cannot tell;——look
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Exit.*

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost;

This foul Ægyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.——Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis
thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?——The
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Ægypt! this grave charm,—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home;

Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.

What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.—

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,—

[Exit Cleopatra.]

If it be well to live: But better 'twere,
Thou sell'st into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many.---Eros, ho!---
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with these hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The which shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.---Eros, ho! *[Exit.]*

S C E N E XI.

Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more at parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:---

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.---To the mo-
nument. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XII.

The Same.

Enter Antony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,
The rack dissimins; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Ægypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros: there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves. O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
 And that she hath discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
 Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
 Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
 The name so bury'd in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
 And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
 Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off:—

[*Exit Mardian.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
 Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
 No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
 You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.---

[*Exit Eros.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is torture:---Since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done.---
 Eros!---I come, my queen:---Eros!---Stay for me:
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours.---Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,

I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack

The courage of a woman, less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
'Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come:
'Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.—

[*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—Thus do I escape the
forrow

[*Eros kills himself.*

Of Antony's death.

[*Dies.*

Ant. 'Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—

The guard?—how!—O, dispatch me.

Enter Dercetas, and Guards.

1 Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortune bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit Dercetas.*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword.
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument, she had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard,
I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

i Guard. Woe, woe, are we, sir, you may not
live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

S C E N E XIII.

A Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter Diomedes.

As that which makes it.---How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the guard.

Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in :---darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world!---O Antony!

Antony, Antony!

Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help; help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while; until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not,

Dear, dear, my lord, pardon; I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me: if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demurring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone,

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Withers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;—

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing;—had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—O!—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:—
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more.——— [Antony dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!——
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,

And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*]

Char. O, quietness, lady.

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!—

Char. O madam, madam, madam,——

Iras. Royal Ægypt! empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman; and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
mian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good firs, take
heart:——

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
'This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.*]

A C T V. S C E N E. 1.

*Cæsar's Camp.**Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, Proculeius, and train.*

Cæs. **G**O to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
 Being so frustrated, tell him, he mocks
 The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Dolabella.]

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that
 dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;
 Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
 Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,
 He was my master ; and I wore my life,
 To spend upon his haters : If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him,
 I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
 A greater crack : The round world
 Should have shook lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens :---The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom : in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
 Not by a public minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,

Split the heart.---This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Ag. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most perished deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Ag. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some fault to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;---But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did bindle,---that our stars
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.---Hear me, good friends;---
But I will tell you at some mæter season;---

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.---Whence are you?

Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet: The queen my
mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself

To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egypt. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke,
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Proculeius.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.---Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit Gallus.*

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still -
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
'To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.---

Enter below, Proculeius, Gallus, &c.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Ægypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
'To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;

You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Aside.*] You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;

[*Here Gallus and guard ascend the monument, and enter behind.*

Guard her, 'till Cæsar come.

[*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Proculeius rushes in, and disarms the Queen.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold ;

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of
languish ?

Pro. Cleopatra,

Do not abuse our master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself : let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death ?

Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars !

Pro. O, temperance, lady !

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir ;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;
Nor once be chafis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Ægypt
Be gentle grave unto me ? rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains !

Pro. You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,

What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee : as for the queen,

I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,

It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—

To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[*To Cleopatra.*

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exit Proculeius.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,---

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,---

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a
man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of your's, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

All. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen of Ægypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Ægypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts;
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear: but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
 We will extenuate rather than enforce :
 If you apply yourself to our intents,
 (Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
 A benefit in this change : but if you seek
 To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ;
 and we
 Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
 lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
 jewels,

I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;
 Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus ?

Sel. Here madam.

Cleo. 'This is my treasurer ; let him speak my
 lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
 To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
 I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
 Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
 known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
 Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar ! O, behold,
 How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;
 And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
 The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
 Even make me wild :—O slave of no more trust

Than love that's hir'd !—What, goest thou back ?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings : Slave, foul-lefs villain,
dog !

O rarely base !—

Cæs. Good queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
'To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
'That I some lady trifles had reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their meditation ; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites
me.

Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence ;
— [*To Seleucus.*

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance ! Wert thou a man,
'Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
mis-thought

For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;

Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us council. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that
I should not

Be noble to myself: But hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided:

Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit Charmian.*]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before;
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

[*Exit*]

Cleo. Farewell and thanks. Now, Iras, what
think'st thou?

Thou an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras* : Saucy liſtors
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhimers
Ballad us out o'tune : the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods !

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.---Now, Charmian!--

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a queen :---Go fetch
My best attires ;---I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony ;---Sirrah, *Iras*, go.---
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed :
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play 'till dooms-day.---Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise ?

[*A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence ;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What a poor instrument

[*Exit Guard.*

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd ; and I have nothing
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the
party that should desire you to touch him, for his
biting is immortal ; those, that do die of it, do seldom
or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
of one of them no longer than yesterday : a very
honest woman, but something given to lie : as a
woman should not do, but in the way of honesty :
how she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt,
—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm :
But he that will believe all that they say, shall never
be saved by half that they do : But this is most fal-
lible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you that the
worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted,
but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there
is no goodness in the worm,

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dresse her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy o' the worm.
[Exit.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have Immortal longings in me : Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick——Methinks, I hear
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !
I am fire, and air : my other elements
I give to baser life.—So—have you done ?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, a long farewell.

[Applying the Asp.

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall ? [To Iras.
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

[Iras dies.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may
say,

The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :

If the first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kifs,

Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinicate

[*To the Asp.*

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, a's
Unpolicy'd!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Cleo. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*

What, should I stay——

[*Dies.*

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well,
Now boast thee, death: in my possession lies
A last unparallel'd—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent——

Char. Too slow a messenger.—

[*Charmian applies the Asp.*

O come; apace, dispatch:—I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's
beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—
call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, foldier!

[*Charmian dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

Within. Away there, away for Cæsar!

Dol. O, Sir, you are too sure an augurer!
'That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She level'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here on her breast
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-
leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,

She hath pursued conclusions infinite
 Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed?
 And bear her women from the monument:—
 She shall be buried by her Antony:
 No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
 A pair so famous. High events as these
 Strike those that make them: and their story is
 No less in pity, than his glory, which
 Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
 In solemn shew, attend this funeral;
 And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
 High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

NOTE.

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most timid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition.

Johnson.



